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He possessed extra abilities as a mathematician, and contributed to the *Chronical*, the *Analyst*, and other mathematical papers.

During the last years of his life he often expressed a desire to visit once more his native home in Rhode Island, which desire he gratified after an absence of twenty years in the months of August and September, 1876, visiting many old friends and correspondents and viewing the scenes of his childhood and early youth. He also visited the centennial on his way home.

The life of Dr. James Matteson was not, in the estimation of many a success, because he did not accumulate property and make a show in the world, yet his life was nevertheless a most glorious success. He possessed a great knowledge, and had trained himself to most excellent habits. He was a man of pure moral character and what may truly be called a Christian gentleman, and was trusted and respected in the community where he lived.

That is a successful life in which there is honesty, truth, virtue and Christianity, and these were prominent in the life of Dr. James Matteson. All that he did was done conscientiously, and he would not deviate from what he considered right for any worldly interests which might be offered him.

From 1860 to 1868 he wrote over one hundred mathematical letters to Professor David Trowbridge, besides many to Professors Robinson, Perkins, Evans, and Ficklin, Dr. Hart, and Dr. Hendricks. Some of his problems, of which he originated many, are so difficult that the simplest cases have never been completely solved. In this Department he sometimes appeared over the pseudonym of "Iago." A few years ago he published a pamphlet containing a hundred and twenty-five choice problems. In 1888, Dr. Artimas Martin published a collection of 24 Diophantine Problems and their Solutions, which were compiled by Dr. Matteson. One of his problems is styled "The Elephant," it being so ponderous as to include a score or two of problems in Diophantine Analysis, of which branch of mathematics, and also with Indeterminate Analysis, he was especially fond.

Dr. Matteson was a Baptist by profession, and one in whom religion and high moral worth were paramount to mere *denominational servitude*. A few years ago he with a few others succeeded in *bringing a preacher to justice*, (a task always very difficult of performance) for doing which he suddenly found his connection with the church had been severed.

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BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL GARDNER CAGWIN.

BY B. F. BURLESON.

SAMUEL GARDNER CAGWIN was born in Oneida county, State of New York about sixty years ago. He had only a cammon school education with the exception of a term or two in the New London Academy.

He had an inordinate love for mathematics, and I have often heard him tell how he astonished his teachers by solving problems to which they could in no way make any attempt. His great predilection was for Astronomy, in which he took great delight in poring over half of the night. I know I had a copy of Loomis' Astronomy which I loaned him, and which he kept till he died. It has come back to me since his death. This work has about fifty difficult examples in the back part of the book. It has returned to me with all the answers carefully set down on one of the blank leaves of the book, the work of his hands.

I have seen him go out and carefully measure his shadow cast on a level board, and come in and with the length and the time of the year, and the latitude, tell the time of day the shadow was measured.

I have staid many nights with him as I taught school one year in the old Academy that he attended in New London. I know of his insatiable love for mathematics. Almost every night he would tire me out, and I would go to bed and leave him poring over his problems while he would remain up till after midnight; and yet he would be up at five o'clock in the morning calling to his boys to help milk, for he kept a large dairy. Working in this way his iron constitution had to succomb at last. He got up one morning about two years ago and undertook to build a fire in his stove. He was trying to do it a long time. Finally he took out the ashes to dump them, but he forgot what he was about and brought them back. His wife saw him and spoke to him. He could not answer. The first stroke of paralysis had set its deadly mark upon him. Other shocks followed, and then his mind gave away. They took him to the Hospital at Utica, where the writer of this article was at the time, laboring under pretty much the same difficulty. I was nearly well when he came, and I saw at once he would not live long. He could not talk intelligently on any subject. He kept getting worse and died in the last days of June, a few months after I was discharged.

In disposition, Mr. Cagwin was kind and friendly. He was a very hard working man. If he spent some time at his beloved mathematics he made up for the stolen time by doing two hours' work in one. I heard him tell how in the hay field a person once gave him a problem. It seems that a man was hired for one cent for his first day's work, two cents for his second, four for his third, etc., doubling each previous day's earning. If hired for a year what would be his entire earnings? There was a dispute about his wages. He got off from a load of hay, and went to the house, and solved it in order to find out what it would be. You may be sure the hay flew after that fast enough.

Such was the man. In him was the making of a Galileo, perhaps, but like Burns, he was tied to earth at the tail end of a plow.

"Poor fool! the base and soulless wardling cries
To spend his time for naught
Why did he not to pleasure give his days
His nights to rest, and live while live he might?"

For a reply to this startling ihquiry we refer the reader to the whole poem to which these lines are the introduction.